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THIS PICTURE OF DR. FOSDICK WAS TAKEN DURING
ANNIVERSARY WEEK, FEBRUARY 9-16

The Past Speaks to the Present

SERMON BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THERE is nothing in itself especially unusual in a church's being a hundred years old. All sorts of things, churches included, get to be a century old. Any real significance this occasion has for us will depend on what we personally have eyes to see in it and ears to hear from it, as though the past grew vivid in our imagination now and a voice worth listening to spoke from it to the present. Long ago Isaiah said to his people, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Sometimes God calls us from before, like a pathfinder summoning his followers; sometimes he speaks to us from behind, out of a great past. Today, on this One Hundredth Anniversary of our church, let us hear that voice from behind us, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

When this church was founded our country was at a turning point in its manner of life. Go back only five to ten years before this church's beginning and one is in old America. Virginia contained then one fifth of the whole population of the country. Two stagecoaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston. The whipping post and the pillory were still standing in Boston and New York. There was not a public library in the United States. Anybody who jeered at a preacher or criticized a sermon could be fined. Gentlemen wore queues and powdered their hair. Only three years before this church was founded the people of this town thronged the Battery one evening in April, watching for a little wooden ship, the *Sirius*, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. As for New York itself, in 1841 it had 312,000 inhabitants; the northern boundary of its settled portion was 12th Street; beyond where 23rd Street now is was open country. A century ago in that old city a group of earnest Christian men and women founded our church.

One voice out of that past is unmistakable. It says to us, In honoring the memory of days gone by, be sure that you discriminate, keeping clearly in mind what is really worth honoring there. The outer circumstances of the days when this church was founded, and of many a decade when it was growing up, justify no such title as "good old times." They were trying, discouraging, often desperate times. A hundred years ago this coming April, Philip Hone, a citizen of this town, wrote in his diary, "All things are disjointed. Trade is at a stand; property diminished in value; confidence shaken to the center; and nothing thrives but party spirit and corporation taxes." Indeed, a century ago to the very day, he made this entry: "Dark and gloomy times, and dark and gloomy weather." As for politics, only a few months before, he had written, "The present session of Congress disgraces the annals of the country. It is a constant scene of tumult and disorder, an unscrupulous majority rides roughshod over the Constitution and laws."

See, says this voice from behind us, only one thing in the past is supremely worth honoring, namely, some of the people who were there, men and women,

in difficult and often desperate circumstances, who kept their heads level, their characters strong, their morale unshaken, who believed still in the things everlastingly worth believing in, and left to their children a great tradition of faith and integrity. We call them our fathers and mothers, and that makes them seem old. Similarly we say, The Pilgrim Fathers, and think of them as ancients. No, ninety per cent of those on the *Mayflower* were under forty years of age. They, like the founders of this church, were for the most part young men and women, living in some of the most difficult times of this nation's history, who believed in what the church of Christ stands for, and gave themselves to it. And now the transient circumstances that in 1841 filled the public mind are almost forgotten, but this church goes on as though to prove the truth of the hymn we just have sung, written only two years before this congregation was founded,

> For not like kingdoms of the world,
> Thy holy Church, O God!
> Tho' earthquake shocks are threat'ning her,
> And tempests are abroad.

As one reviews some of the situations through which this church has passed during this last century, one is alike rebuked and challenged—rebuked for the self-pity we too commonly feel in these troubled days, and challenged to a fresh faith and courage. Thinking not alone of this church but of this community, remember the dark days when George Washington was encamped up here where 161st Street now is! Recall what he wrote then: "If I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead with my feelings." As for this church, Dr. Armitage was its minister during the Civil War, and on his fortieth anniversary, in 1888, he put on record some of the things that he and the congregation went through: "The business of the country was prostrated, panic seized the public mind, and just when we were preparing to build on Fifth avenue, bankruptcy swept away the possessions of possibly half my congregation, and panic seized the church as well as the city."

As for Dr. Armitage himself he was publicly mobbed on the streets. He was a Union man, anti-slavery, and one day a mob of three or four hundred pro-slavery men, who had started out to burn the Colored Orphan Asylum on Fifth Avenue, caught him. "In a moment," said Dr. Armitage, "the mob closed around me and one of its leaders, in a slouched hat, a rough, stalwart man, raised a heavy club to strike me down. Probably fifty men followed him, but when he saw who I was he swung his club round his own head three or four times and ordered them back. They fell back, and in a low voice he asked: 'Ain't you Dr. Armitage?' I told him that was my name. 'Why,' said he, 'what are you doing here? You are a Union man, and don't you know that your name is on the death list? You are a marked man. But,' he added, 'my old mother is a member of your church, and if you'll promise me to go home and stay there, I'll lead you out here.' I said to him, 'Certainly, you must be a gentleman,' and locked arms with him in a moment. He led me through the mob, down Forty-second street to Lexington avenue, and left me, saying: 'Now, Doctor, go home and stay home.' The next day the mob called my name, and with cheers surged toward my house in Forty-eighth street, to burn it down. Mr. George H. Leeds, an old sea cap-

tain, a sturdy Democrat and sexton of this church at that time, saw the situation, sprang to their head and cried: 'That's it, boys, I know where that Baptist man lives, follow me, follow me!' They ran after him like sheep, but he led them half a dozen blocks the other way, when the military and police fell upon them." And added Dr. Armitage, "That is one good thing the Democrats did anyway."

Good old times? No! But grand character in men and women who confronted their difficulties, stood their ground, kept their faith unimpaired, and handed down a great tradition and an abiding church. It is they we celebrate today.

Still another message comes to us out of the past. How many things have changed, the voice behind us says, and yet how much is fundamentally the same! When in imagination one projects oneself back a hundred years, it is the changes that at first are obvious. A century ago there were less than 3,000 miles of railroad in the United States. It was in 1840 that the first steamship line began operating on the Hudson. In 1851, when this church was ten years old, a sympathetic philanthropist in this city left a fund in perpetuity, as the articles of incorporation say, for "worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West." No century in the world's history ever saw so many changes as this last hundred years, and no country in the world has changed so much as the United States.

Yet, when one looks deeper, how much is just the same! Picture Dr. Benedict or Dr. Armitage calling at some home long ago. He rode in no taxi; he walked on no smooth pavement; he came to no towering apartment house, mounted in no elevator, and pressed no electric button—all that has changed. When he entered the home, no radio blared, no electric lights burned—all such things are modern. But when the family began telling him why he was needed there, some love flowering out toward marriage, some grief that had bowed down the soul, some sin with all its sorry consequence, some doubting mind trying to find faith again to live by, some joy, like a newborn babe for whom the family had prayed—that is not modern; that is old, timeless, dateless, ageless, universal. The more the world changes, the more it is the same.

But, some one says, religion itself has changed. Indeed it has, and today we may well celebrate the fact that the leadership of this church across the last century has been out in front, helping religion to change. We here are now known as a liberal church, with a generous program of community service, and with a free pulpit. But remember that a free pulpit and a generous program of community service are not altogether our doing. We think we are modern because we have such social services as, for example, a day nursery. This church had a day nursery forty-five years ago, and in the budget of 1896 the item for it was $2,143.44. All of us in general, and we ministers in particular, owe to the leadership of this church for the last hundred years an unpayable debt. A great past has made our situation possible. Benedict, Armitage, Faunce, Johnston, Aked, Woelfkin—what a succession of ministers, surrounded by what a company of strong, devoted laymen! Ah, Woelfkin, my friend and predecessor, dearly loved by how many of this congregation here, what

do we not owe you for your courageous, forward-looking ministry!

It is our pride and gratitude, then, that this church has helped religion to change its forms. At Dr. Armitage's fortieth anniversary one of the visiting ministers told the story of a preacher who took for his text the exclamation of Paul, amid his adversities, "None of these things move me." Said the preacher, "Brethren, I will divide my sermon under three heads: First, 'Some things should move us,' and secondly, 'Some things should not move us,' and thirdly, 'We should move some things.'" Admirable homiletics! Surely, then, not simply the outward appurtenances of life have changed, but the frameworks of thought in which religion phrases its truth. But when behind the phrasing of Christian faith one seeks the substance, how ageless it is, as are the human needs it seeks to meet.

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

That hymn was written when this church was six years old.

To give but one example of what I mean, nothing impresses one more in studying the history of this church than its emphasis upon the importance of the family. Always at the center of this church's life one finds an absorbing concern about the home, as though to say, Fathers, mothers, children—if we can keep that relationship right, then the foundations are secure.

So long as there are homes to which men turn
At close of day,
So long as there are homes where children are
And women stay,
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across these sills,
A stricken nation can recover from its gravest ills.
So long as there are homes where fires burn
And there is bread,
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit,
And prayers are said,
Although a people falter in the dark
And nations grope,
With God himself back of these little homes,
We still can hope.

That is true whether a hundred years ago or now.

Let us listen again and hear the voice behind us, saying, See what a long look across history reveals about the nature of Christianity itself! It is not only a message, but a movement, a continuous community, an ongoing institution, changing, to be sure, as all organizations change, but still a continuing, organized fellowship.

The curse of Protestantism today is an underestimate of the importance and meaning of the church. The reason is plain. To multitudes of Protestants, Christianity is simply a message, a set of ideas, faiths, principles, concepts of God, Christ, and duty. Now these ideas can be individually accepted, so that a person who has not been inside a church for forty years may be more or less Christian in the way he looks at life. Men, therefore, define Christianity in individualistic terms, and say, Well, I believe in Christian ideas, but not in the church.

Friends, if this anniversary does nothing else, it ought to show us the fallacy of that attitude. Christianity is two things, a message and a movement. The message created the movement; the movement carries the message; they are two sides of the same thing, inextricably involved; we cannot ultimately have one without the other.

Here, indeed, is a universal law that concerns all man's spiritual values. What is education? It is a message—true ideas in every realm of human inquiry. But education is more than that.

It is a movement—schools, an ongoing, continuous, changing, persistent community of developing schools. The message created the movement; the movement carries the message; and it is folly to try to separate the two. What is social justice? It is a message—basic ethical principles of equity and fair play. But social justice is more than that. It is a movement—laws and courts developing across the centuries, created by the message—yes, but in turn incarnating and carrying the message, the one indispensably involving the other. All our spiritual values are thus rooted in ongoing, continuous, developing, organized communities. So, if we want better education, we must have better schools. If we want better childhood, we must have better homes. If we want better justice done, we must have better courts. If we want better civic conditions, we must have better government. If we want better spiritual life in our nation, we must have better churches. There is no other way. We may not like to face that fact. It brings us down to earth. It plunges us into difficult problems. It burdens us with institutional responsibilities. But think today what it means to some of us that for a hundred years earnest Christian men and women have believed that truth in this church, and have put their lives into it! We celebrate today a Christian faith and life that have been both a message and a movement.

Do not suppose that it has been easy! Making a church go, never has been easy. When this church, about 1860, began planning to build away out in the country at 48th Street and Fifth Avenue, Dr. Armitage said, "We had everything to contend with. The denomination, in the main, stood absolutely aloof from us, we were denounced as visionaries, I was by common consent written down as absolutely insane for leading the church outside the bounds of civilization, and every Baptist crank and false prophet in New York predicted absolute failure for us." Indeed, in those days phrenology was the vogue, and Dr. Armitage says, "There was one kind hearted brother in the church . . . who seriously doubted whether, after all, I was in my right mind. One day he gently hinted at the matter, saying: 'Pastor, I have great faith in phrenology; will you oblige me by going down to Fowler and Wells, to have your head examined?' 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'William, anything to oblige you.' I went. Fowler went over the hard bumps, and gave me a written report, dated June 24, 1864. The brother was delighted with it, and believed in my up-town projects afterwards right heartily."

Does some one say, But look at these disastrous times in the world today? How can one believe in the church in a world that the church has so lamentably failed to save? Friend, had our fathers in this church said that, they would have quit long ago, and we would not be here today. Remember the letter that Abraham Lincoln wrote to Joshua Speed. Here it is: "In 1841 you and I had together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continued torment to me. And I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other Slave border." So! That was not a nice world either in 1841. Indeed, in 1859 Emerson said, "No man living will see the end of slavery." Friends, at

the very least, the voice from behind us today cries to us as Christians and churchmen, Quit you like men, be strong. This anniversary should mean to us not alone commemoration of the past, but a dedication to the present and future, all the greater because the need is so great, and in particular it should mean a fresh understanding of the importance of the ongoing movement of the Christian community.

Indeed, I wish we here with all our privileges were matching our forefathers' devotion to the world-wide movement of Christianity. The contributions of this church to Christian missions through the last century have been magnificent. We are not matching them today. With all the faults and failures of that missionary movement do not say that it amounts to little! In China now there are about 450,000,000 people. At the outside, Protestants and Catholics together, there are not more than 4,000,000 Christians. But pick up the Chinese *Who's Who,* and see! One out of every six is a Christian. Do you call that a little thing?

Of the many truths that the voice behind us is trying to say, let us select one final word. See, it says, despite the Christian church's mistakes and follies, how important a part it has played in the life of America, and how necessary it is to the sustenance of our democracy now! This last summer Professor Sydney Smith, presenting candidates for their medical degrees at the University of Edinburgh, said that "more advance had been made in the past fifty years than in the whole of human history." In one realm after another the experts would say that. More advance in the last fifty years than in the whole of human history! My soul! What is the matter with us, so able and ingenious we are, with such implements of progress in our control as man never had before, and yet living in one of the maddest, cruelest, most ruinous eras of all time?

Dr. Weatherhead, of the City Temple, London, has just written this: I ask "the reader to put side by side in his mind the picture of the man of a million years ago, wrapped in skins, snatching up his club and making for his cave because his enemy is in sight, with the picture of a friend of mine snatching his gas mask and making for a cave dug in his garden because enemy planes are in sight. My friend may have been educated at Oxford, may have in his cave a radio set, modern sanitation, electric light, and heat; but while one admits *development,* I wonder if the word 'progress' is the right word to use. Last night in London life was more terrifying, harassing, and sleepless, physical safety and peace of mind were harder to find, danger was more widespread, the kind of death that threatened more horrible, the scale of disaster more appalling than was the case before the Romans invaded Britain."

Does some one say, To be sure! that proves that Christianity has failed? That is not the answer. In Hyde Park, London, a rough member of the listening crowd tried to heckle one of the speakers by shouting, "Christianity has been in the world for two thousand years, and look at the state of the world." Quick as a flash the speaker answered, "Yes, and water has been in the world for two million years, and look at the state of your face." I am not saying that that is the complete answer; but with all penitence and contrition for the sins of the church, and the follies of Christianity's representatives

(*Concluded on page 106*)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

O God, Who art, and wast, and art to come, before Whose face the generations rise and pass away, age after age the living seek Thee, and find that of Thy faithfulness there is no end. Our fathers in their pilgrimage walked by Thy guidance and rested on Thy compassion. Still to their children be Thou the cloud by day and the fire by night.

Take our lives one by one into Thy keeping. As we worship Thee, let the rising tide of Thy grace and help fill every bay. Flood out our fear with a new faith, our cowardice with a fresh courage, our weakness with Thy power, our sins with Thy forgiveness; restore our souls, O Lord, and create a right spirit within us.

Eternal God, in Whose name our fathers founded this church long ago, we pray that the spirit that kindled their lives may burn within us. We thank Thee for every memory which this day revives of strong faith, humane service, and Christ-like character, and for the cloud of witnesses from days gone by that surround our worship here. Deepen our gratitude for sacrifices made by those who have gone the King's highway before us, and who have found in Thy church refreshment and comfort, peace and restoration, challenge to service and strength to render it. Give us grace to see the need of our children, and our children's children, and let not the heritage of the gospel fail them because of our slackness or infidelity.

Almighty God, Who in the former times didst lead our fathers forth into this land, give Thy grace to us, their children, in this nation now, that we may prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure religion. Defend our liberty and preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion, from pride, and arrogance, and from every evil way. Fashion into one people the multitudes brought hither of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we entrust with authority in these troublous days, to the end that there may be peace at home and that we keep a place among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of disaster suffer not our trust in Thee to fail.

We pray Thee for this church. May its enlarging past be an encouragement to the present and a prophecy of the future. For Thy church throughout all the world we pray, set today amid the perplexities of a changing order, and face to face with new tasks. Make us and all churches true homes of the Divine Spirit, fruitful sources of great character, and an inspiration to world-wide service. For little children who enter these doors, for youths who seek here their inspiration, for all homes whose roots are in the sanctuary, for this company, and all absent friends whose prayers are with us, we lift our supplication. Make us, O God, worthy of Thy church, and make Thy church worthy of Thy Christ. Amen.

OVER A THOUSAND PEOPLE ATTENDED THE BUFFET SUPPER IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL AND THE GYMNASIUM

The One Hundredth Anniversary Service on Sunday, February 9

THIS service, conducted by the ministers of the church, took the place of the usual Ministry of Music. The guest speakers for the occasion were Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia College and Dr. George A. Buttrick, Minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lawrence Tibbett appeared twice in the service, singing Handel's Aria, "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave," and the Aria from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "O God, Have Mercy."

THE ADDRESS BY DR. HAWKES

It is certainly a memorable occasion when an organization reaches the centennial of honorable and useful service. It is something that is really worth celebrating. It is fitting that other organizations engaged in similar enterprises should offer their felicitations. As Dr. Fosdick has announced, it is a matter of regret that a slight indisposition prevents President Butler from being present this afternoon and offering in behalf of the colleges and universities of this metropolitan area appreciative and affectionate greetings from them to The Riverside Church. I am certain that he would have expressed these greetings from the heart.

I have often heard him expand upon the unique distinction that this hill of Morningside in the midst of this great city possesses. Nowhere in the wide world is there so distinguished a galaxy of great institutions, having to do for the most part with the spiritual life, gathered together in so small an area—hospitals, theological seminaries, schools of music, the cathedral, churches, both Catholic and Protestant, a great university, and this great and influential church. Such distinction may possibly be found in some center of population scattered over a wider area, but nowhere, either now or in any period of history, has so much been placed in so small a space. And we all live together coöperatively and happily. I can speak from intimate knowledge of the warm affection and helpful coöperation that has existed between The Riverside Church and Columbia University from the very first appearance of the church at Morningside. Since we are so close together in spirit, as well as in space, anything else would indeed be very strange. Many members of the university are working members of this church, and whenever we from the university may need help or assistance that the church can render, we know that it will be freely given. I am sure that I speak for all the other educational institutions in this area when I express thankful appreciation for the presence of this great institution for good in our midst.

On this occasion it is particularly pertinent that the university, and especially the liberal arts college of the university, should be represented, for the approach of the college and of The Riverside Church to the human problems before them have very much in common. The legend over the doorway of one of our important buildings expresses this relationship. It reads,

"Erected that religion and learning may go hand in hand." And it means what it says.

During recent years the approach to the education of college youth has come to have more in common with the approach to the education of youth as seen by the church, at least by The Riverside Church, than was formerly the case. In the church it is the individual whose spiritual welfare is sought. Even in the old days of Calvinism it was the individual who sought salvation through his religious experience. And I imagine if one were to analyze the activities of this church, one would find that the central emphasis is on bringing strength, clarity, and comfort to each individual. The liberal arts college today, if it is doing its job, has exactly the same goal. Each youth who is admitted to college must be known just as intimately as circumstances permit, and the result of this knowledge will bear fruit in the discovery of the capacities, the interests and the ambitions which belong to each individual. With this information it is possible not only to provide the educational material that the youth should have as a member of his group and his generation, but also to make such modification as may be called for by the personal need of each boy and girl. Each of us, both in the college and the church, perform certain functions that are pertinent for the entire group; we, with a prescribed course of study, and you, with Sunday worship. It would certainly be too much to expect, even from Dr. Fosdick, that he should be called upon to preach a separate sermon each week for each individual. But over and above this general service that gives each of us many opportunities to help each person to receive service adapted to his special need, I repeat that the educational institutions, and The Riverside Church, are each attacking the citadels of ignorance, of bigotry, of materialism, of irreverence, from almost the same direction, and only with slightly different weapons. It is important that we should realize this fact and acknowledge our fellowship. For my part, I really do not know where the function of the church leaves off and that of the university begins.

Particularly, at this time we must remember that the church and the university are the most permanent organizations in the world. No political or national units reach back in time anything like as far as these two. And today on the continent of Europe both of these great forces for civilization are being obliterated. But whatever happens, the church and the university, here and now, must stand together for the dignity of human personality, and for the worth of the human soul. Both of us must with ever-increasing emphasis ask the question which has come down to us through the ages, and to which there is only one answer—For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

▽

THE ADDRESS BY DR. BUTTRICK

It is right and seemly that we honor the one hundredth anniversary of this church. So doing we underscore the fact and meaning of the church, and keep vivid the remembrance of Christ in the earth. So doing we honor ourselves, because if we were to neglect such a birthday and festival, we would show ourselves ungracious and ungrateful—more unworthy even than if a man were to forget his mother's.

I

In a recent poem T. S. Eliot has written these words:

> There shall always be the Church and the World,
> And the heart of man shivering and fluttering between them, choosing and chosen,
> Valiant, ignoble, dark, and full of light,
> Swinging between Heaven-gate and Hell-gate,
> And the gates of Hell shall not prevail.
> Darkness now, then
> Light.

All this Jesus said. Certain brief phrases which he spoke concerning the temple of his day, he surely would speak, we think, about such a church as this church.

II

"My Father's house," he called it. "There shall always be the Church and the World," the church affirming that the universe essentially is of the nature of the spirit of Christ, and the world hinting always that the universe may be only casual dust; and "the heart of man shivering and fluttering between them." If life has no high meaning, then it is meaningless or worse, and all its caravans "start for the dawn of nothing." If a research doctor became convinced or even suspicious that there can be no cure for cancer, his quest would flag. That is to say, his faith that the universe intends healing is the life-blood of his reason. Thus the faith which the church upholds is perchance the only life-blood of the reason of mankind.

This faith is not our guess. Christ came. We did not create him. We did not ordain him. Faith is grounded and rooted in him. Is there not the story of sailors, crazed with thirst, in waters near this continent, in the days when this continent was as yet only dimly known? In desperation they drank salt water, believing that so to drink would spell their death, yet compelled by thirst to drink. They drank, and found that the waters were not brackish but sweet. Unawares they were off the estuary of one of our great American rivers. Thus they knew that beyond their sight was a continent, vast, with towering mountains that could breed a river to challenge an ocean. So men have tasted of the spirit of Christ. They do not know very much of the Eternity from which he came. "No man hath seen God at any time. But how life-giving that eternity and how vast! How towering the mountains that can send him into the world!" His "Father's house!" There are enough facts of outward providence, and of the soul's inward serenity, to support that faith and make it intelligible. There are enough doubts besetting it to make the faith courageous. The church pleads that faith, teaches it in words, offers it to God in worship, enshrines it in its friendship. Thus the church gives strength in sorrow, light in perplexity, hope in failure, and forgiveness in the midst of sin. "There shall always be the Church and the World," the world with its age-long materialism and the church filling life with ultimate meaning. "My Father's house!"

III

"A house of prayer," Jesus called it. A house! Despite our jaunty modern assurances that a man can worship God anywhere, let it be said frankly that a man cannot worship God anywhere, unless he has first been taught directly or indirectly by some church. Imagine our ubiquitous worshipper seeking God at the seashore before the majesty of the ocean. He may find even the seashore disfigured by advertising, perhaps cluttered with the Sunday newspapers, and

made noisy by man's journeying. Not easily shall he escape from himself or from the obtrusion of the world. The musician has a better wisdom. He finds music at the seashore, but only because he has first found it in a house. He builds walls to make a silence against the world. He gathers within the walls the instruments of music, and the works of the masters. He studies music. At long last he may be fit for that corporate act of music, which we call a symphony concert. Then, perhaps, he can find music in the stars and the ocean. So the church rightly builds a house, like this house—walls to make a silence against the world. There it gathers the instruments of worship—the chancel and the stained glass, the anthems and the hymns, the prayer books and the Bible—and the cross. There it studies the masters, one being our Master. Finally it offers, as here today a great corporate act of worship in which a man can lose himself, both in the beloved community and in the sense of the presence of God. Then may the man return home with a glow on his mind, and then perhaps he can find God anywhere. A house!

"A house of prayer!" There is enough evidence, we would think, that the earth is arid and chaotic unless brought constantly to the judgment and mercy of God. There are parables enough. The watch on your wrist will betray you unless you regulate it by the sun. The house in which you live must be built on an invisible vertical line from earth right to heaven, or it will fall. Your ocean voyage must be governed by the stars. Your fields must wait patiently for the favor of the sky. Unless we give our world away to a higher loyalty, we lose our world and ourselves. And the hidden reason for our present woe, the reason below all the reasons and the cause below all the causes, is that the world has denied the ultimate Demand that is above the world. George Barrow wandered out into Welsh fields and fell into conversation with a group of gypsies. He did not speak of God. He spoke in friendly fashion of everyday things. But they heard in him some unspoken diviner word, and when he left them they caught him by the sleeve and pleaded, "O, do please come again soon, and bring us God." "There shall always be the Church and the World," the world judging itself by itself, and church judging the world by the sky; and "the heart of man shivering and fluttering between them," but always coming back again and saying, "Please do bring us God."

IV

"For all people," Jesus said. The problem of community: how sharp it is and how stubborn! How can we learn to live together in a village, or a nation, or in that slightly larger village which we call the earth? We huddle together in New York, a swarming hive of us. Why do we huddle so close? For fear? To make money from one another? Vainly to imagine that we can live on one another by our wits, instead of living on the wide compassion of the fields and sky. We have many comradeships on the earth, and they are worthy. But they are not the nucleus of an enduring brotherhood. Heartily we subscribe to what Dean Hawkes has told us. But a college is for the brainy, and some of us cannot claim to be brainy. A club is for the congenial, and not every one is congenial; and, besides, sometimes the mind of a club is standardized. A labor union or an

employers' association is for those who can make common cause in economic theory in opposing camps; and theories change because all life changes. Even a home, even a home, is broken by the assault of the years. They are worthy comradeships; but not final, not the ultimate Community.

A domestic servant, applying for a position, feared that her German birth and blood might register against her, feared even that she might be suspected of treachery. "We weep the same tears! Madam!" she said. We weep the same tears! We are born of the same Mystery. We thrill to the same joys. We walk at last through the same valley of the shadow of death. We sin the same sins, and must trust at last to the same Forgiveness. And the love that breathes in Christ is understood in every language, in every age, in every world here and hereafter. The church builds *there,* not on man in the accidentals of life, or his daily vocation, but on man in his essential nature, on man confronting a Mystery. "We weep the same tears!" We have the same nature because we have the same Creator. We have the same love and the same love of Christ. "There shall always be the Church and the World," the world always building its walls, the church always making a home; and the heart of man fluttering between them, but at last coming home.

V

There shall always be the Church and the World,
And the heart of man shivering and fluttering between them.

. . . . . .

Swinging between Heaven-gate and Hell-gate,
And the gates of Hell shall not prevail.

When Hume said that every church soon would become a public hall, Wesley swept England in a new revival. When Voltaire prophesied that what he called the "Christian superstition" would be exploded, Carey took that superstition to far-off India. Rome fell, but the church remained. Kingdoms come and go, but people still gather to a sacrament. Science and philosophies change, but a Cross still stands. Hammered like an anvil, the church breaks the hammer. Put to the sword, the church turns the edge of the sword. For God is stronger than man, and prayers are sharper than spears.

Today we pray God's blessing on this church, on its ministers and on its flock, on its so brave witness in the world and its creative testimony. We pray that the God of all the centuries will illumine and undergird its continuing years. May He so grant.

▽ ▽ ▽

SNAPSHOTS
TAKEN ON
FAMILY NIGHT

The Program on Wednesday Evening, February 12

THIS was distinctly a Church Home Night Gathering. Over a thousand members of the church were present for the buffet supper served in the Assembly Hall and the Gymnasium. The accompanying illustrations will give a suggestion of the family atmosphere that characterized the evening.

The meeting in the Nave proved to be a rich experience in itself and to be a challenging call to the opportunities which lie ahead.

Miss Grace Moore contributed greatly to the occasion, as did Mr. Albert Spalding, the guest artists; as well as Mr. Hardesty Johnson, tenor soloist, Mr. Kamiel Lefévere, our Carillonneur, and Mr. Frederick Kinsley, Organist and Choir Director.

Mr. T. Raymond St. John, Chairman of the Board of Deacons, presided.

Opening Remarks of Mr. St. John

This week, as you know, we are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of The Riverside Church, which had its origin in the heart of what is now the great East Side of New York. The first services were held in a building at the corner of Norfolk and Broome Streets, the church being then known as the Norfolk Street Baptist Church. In the hundred years which have elapsed our people have worshipped in five different buildings, each one having been located further uptown, following the steady movement northward of the membership of the church. The magnificent edifice in which we are now worshipping was dedicated just ten years ago on February 8, 1931. One of the most distinctive features of the building is the beautiful memorial tower, which was donated by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in honor of his mother, for many years a loyal worker in the church and a beloved teacher in the Sunday School.

It would have been a great delight to us all if Mr. Rockefeller could have been persuaded to preside over this home night gathering, for he has acted as Chairman of the Special Committee in charge of the one hundredth anniversary since its inception and has been largely responsible for these splendid commemorative programs, but the Chairman of the Special Committee felt that a representative of the Board of Deacons should preside.

The church has had an extraordinarily varied and significant history. Its ministry has at all times been distinctive for its emphasis on liberal Christianity. Under the inspiring and prophetic leadership of Dr. Fosdick for the last fifteen years, there has been a phenomenal growth in the membership and in the program of activities of the church. We are still challenged on all sides by vast opportunities and needs for fellowship and service. We face the next decade with hope and courage, but with an earnest prayer for strength and wisdom to carry on the great work which has been committed to us. We must not fail those who have labored here with so much love, and with such sacrificial devotion during all the long years. As Dr. Fosdick has so beautifully

expressed it, our controlling objectives must be to win human lives to personal discipleship to Christ and to extend the church's influence to the nation and the world-wide field.

And so we have met tonight as a Church Family to review our blessings and to express our appreciation and gratitude for the achievements of the past. Those who are taking part in the program are related to the church in various ways and are glad of this opportunity to show their continuing loyalty and devotion.

Address of Mr. James C. Colgate
Representing the Board of Trustees

Mr. Chairman, members of The Riverside Church and congregation, friends and neighbors, we have met this evening in this informal and neighborly way to celebrate our hundredth anniversary. I was asked by the Committee to speak on our past. That seemed to me too much like an obituary. If the remarks I may make are to be dignified with a title, I would suggest as such, "The Evolution of The Riverside Church." This at least suggests a living present and a potential future. While all the water that has gone over the dam turns no wheels, it is a good plan for a church, or an individual, once in a while, at least once in every hundred years, to look unto the rock whence they were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence they were digged.

Our history began one hundred years ago when a group of Baptists organized the Norfolk Street Baptist Church. Probably there are not ten members of this audience who know where Norfolk Street is. Suffice it to say, in 1841 it was in an uptown residential district of the City of New York. This newly organized body purchased a commodious building, so runs the record, for the sum of $12,000, in which they met for some years. It is certainly a far cry from the organization of this body in 1841 to The Riverside Church of today.

The question occurs to me, supposing in some way we could reverse the situation and tonight take the place of this new-born organization, and they, on the other hand, found themselves in our place here. Which would be the more surprised and uncomfortable, we or they? Born and brought up in an orthodox Baptist family, more years ago than I care to admit, it requires little effort of imagination on my part to picture the surprise and horror of those excellent brethren in our physical surroundings, and in the faith and doctrine held by us, their lineal descendants. On the other hand, it requires no effort of imagination to realize how we would feel on finding ourselves in that little meeting-house in a very dirty, unsanitary city of some 300,000 inhabitants, with no adequate water supply, no telegraphic communications, more than two weeks distant from England via the small steamships which were making occasional voyages across the sea. Our sensibilities would be shocked by the unemptied garbage receptacles on the sidewalks, and pigs roaming at will through the streets. On the other side of the picture, we would feel ourselves extremely cramped and bound by the views they held, and find it terribly hard to subscribe to the confessions of faith required by our worthy forebears.

The past hundred years have brought greater changes in modes of living and thought than any like period in history. These changes are not confined to this city or country, but have affected the whole world. Year after year the world

has shrunk in size, and what happens today in the Far East is known and felt here tomorrow. The changes which have occurred are not confined to scientific knowledge, theories of government, standards of living, methods of business. They have been equally felt in the realm of religious thinking. In 1841 there were many churches in New York City, Baptist churches as well as those of other denominations, churches which exercised far greater influence in the community than the Norfolk Street Church with its $12,000 meeting-house. Many of these have since died out, or shrivelled away to such an extent that, while still in existence, they exert little influence on the city's life.

Fifty or sixty years ago conspicuous on the city's sky line as seen from the river, was the number of spires standing out against the sky, like watchful sentinels, or like friendly fingers pointing toward the "city not built with hands." Practically the only spire visible today from the river is the Riverside tower. "Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, . . . but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow."

Is our own survival and growth a coincidence, a result of chance, or is there some reason for it? From its inception in Norfolk Street, under its various names, Riverside has always had a progressive spirit. During the pastorate of Dr. Armitage it favored the revision of the English Bible. Feeling was so strong on this subject that the Board of Deacons, opposing this revision, was requested to resign. Under the ministry of Dr. Faunce the missionary spirit was stressed. Several mission enterprises were developed in connection with his work. Large gifts to religious and philanthropic enterprises were made by individual members. In 1893 the New York Baptist City Mission Society was incorporated largely through the influence of our members. After years of useful work this Society is still a going concern, with a wide influence for good, and with property of considerable value. For many years Mr. Edward L. Ballard, a member and a trustee of Riverside, was its president, and its success was largely due to his devotion and his sound business judgment. This Society, so largely a child of ours, is an instrument through which we might accomplish a greater work in this community than we can otherwise do.

It was my fortune to become associated with Riverside when it was located at Forty-sixth Street, and had been considering and practically completed plans for moving to Park Avenue. At that time Dr. Woelfkin was its pastor, and our good friend, Dr. Carder, had recently become his associate. Those who knew Dr. Woelfkin know how constantly and steadily he insisted upon wider horizons and greater breadth of view. Under his ministry the importance of the rite of immersion, which in the minds of the public is the distinguishing feature of Baptist belief, was minimized, and the fundamental Baptist principle, the responsibility of the individual and the value and importance of personality, was emphasized. Dr. Woelfkin's influence was irresistible. He radiated goodness, so that it was almost contagious. Building upon foundations already laid, it is easy to see how the pioneer spirit developed under his ministry.

We had hardly become settled in our new and beautiful home on Park Avenue when there came a desire for

something broader, and more satisfying, than the work we were doing there. It was a delightful church home. Everybody knew everybody else. The services were interesting and gratifying. But under the preaching and influence of Dr. Woelfkin, the pioneer spirit of our predecessors continued to grow and urge us on to something wider. This evening we can see and feel the result of that pioneer spirit, that desire for a wider horizon, the yearning for something broader, which seems to have been the characteristic of our spiritual ancestors.

In the early nineties, Dr. Clarke, professor at Colgate University, published a book which revolutionized the whole theological structure, embodying the changes in religious thought. Indirectly and unconsciously Dr. Clarke has had an important part in the evolution of Riverside. His simple, friendly, lovable character exerted a powerful influence upon his students and associates. While professor at Colgate, a young man from Buffalo entered the college. On his graduation he decided to study for the ministry. His admiration and affection for Dr. Clarke led him to take his first year in theology under him. He finished his course at the Union Theological Seminary. While a student there Dr. Clarke procured for him a position as assistant to Dr. Lorimer, then pastor at the Madison Avenue Church. You all know his subsequent career. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that the organ to which you have listened this evening was given in memory of Dr. William Newton Clarke, friend and instructor of our Dr. Fosdick.

All through the evolution of Riverside there has been a quiet influence which has had more to do with its development than we realize; that is the spirit and influence of the women whose names do not appear in the books of its history, the wives and mothers whose influence was responsible for whatever of good was done by the men. This is particularly true of the life and character of one to whose memory the tower of our building is dedicated. This tower, which is a hive of Christian industry seven days in the week, and from which on many Sundays a voice is carried on the air to the ends of the earth, is a memorial to a great influence in the evolution of the little church in Norfolk Street into The Riverside Church of today. "Some call it evolution; others call it God."

My friends, we have a priceless heritage. Shall we guard it and continue to pioneer? If we are tempted to relax and to rely on our past, let us remember the words of the rich man, in the parable, to his soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease."—But God said, "Thou fool."

Address of Mrs. Charles Poletti

Representing the Women of the Congregation

Fellow Members of The Riverside Church and congregation, it is in a very humble spirit that, representing the women of the congregation, I speak to you tonight. There are so many women present here in the church who have been longer associated with the magnificent history of the church than I have. There are so many of you who have had an important part in developing the church and its activities to the point where they are today.

I cannot, like Mr. Colgate, claim an ancestor whose vision was responsible for the beginning of this church. My greatest claim to ancestral fame is that

my father and Dr. Fosdick's father were great friends and fellow workers in the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church in Buffalo. But Mr. Fosdick's son and my father's daughter left Buffalo and came to New York—at different times and for different reasons! That makes me a comparative newcomer, one of the thousands of people who have moved to New York City and chosen to bring their letters to The Riverside Church. As a newcomer, I am not going to dwell on the past of the church. I am going to speak of our responsibility—yours and mine—because we are members here.

This church stands out in the City, in the United States, in the world, as a strong, liberal Protestant church. Unlike practically all other Protestant churches, it does not carry a denominational label. It is not known as Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian. It is The Riverside Church which welcomes all people who believe in Christ and choose to bind themselves together in Christian worship. As such, it is a great Protestant force, and the fact that it is being successful in erasing the differences that exist in Protestantism is attested by its huge membership, its overflowing attendance at services, and the ten thousand human beings who pass through its doors during the course of one week.

I have wished often, during the past few years, that the world could be bound together as this church is bound together. This non-sectarian church has taught us that it is not the letter of religion, but the spirit of it that is important. Representatives of many different denominations—we are all marching forward under a common Christian banner which reads, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

You and I accept completely the person who sits next to us in our pew on Sunday. Whether we know him or not, we feel he is *very nice,* because he is worshipping God as we are. Never mind what he has been. He is here, and that makes him like us—and that makes us feel comfortable and friendly.

But do we all project that outside the church into the great scene of New York life? Another man sits next us on the subway. Do we accept him, or do we unconsciously, perhaps, draw away because he is "different"? After all, in the bigger sense, it is like the church. That person in the subway is in America because he or his ancestors chose to come here. He was not *made* to—any more than the person sitting next to us in church was made to come to church. It was choice, and America is a haven to all kinds of religions and nationalities, just as this church is a haven for all kinds of Protestant sects. Actually, it is not until Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and people of all races and nationalities *will* march together under the same banner that we carry here in Riverside Church that we will ever have "peace on earth—goodwill toward men."

There is room, under such a banner, for differences of opinion. Just as you and I can choose whether we will declare our faith in God here in this church by being immersed or not, so we can choose to differ with our fellow human-beings about methods of running this world. Those are political differences. The fundamental things, about which we must *not* differ, are moral and spiritual.

Many peoples of the world have now chosen to discard peace and goodwill. They have turned their faces against all religion. They are marching under a

banner which says, "Might makes right," and they are advancing at an alarming rate.

If we in America can only apply what you and I have learned in this church, America can be a bulwark against these barbarian nations. We have, in Riverside Church, a truly working democracy. It stems from our spiritual leaders, Dr. Fosdick, Dr. Carder and Dr. Hellstrom. It extends through our board of deacons, our trustees, our ushers, our executives. It is vibrantly in action in our men's groups, our women's groups, our missionary activities, our various social clubs. We have entrusted our children to its influence in the Church School. We are proud of what our church stands for in the community. We boast about the beauty of its structure, the spiritual inspiration of our ministers. Are we able to boast as much about the part which we, as individuals, play in its panoramic life?

The future of this church is inextricably bound up with the future of America and with us. It is only as America survives as a democracy that our churches will survive. And I firmly believe that it is only through the constant application of Christian doctrines that this country will survive as a democracy.

It is easy and often considered smart these days to say, "Oh, yes, I really am very religious. But no, I don't go to church on Sunday morning; no, I don't even belong to a church—but yes, I truly am *very* religious." It is not by such religion that this country will be saved. It is through strong, unified churches. By churches where people come together to worship and unite together in service for humanity. And by the aggressive Christianity of church members—both inside and outside their churches.

You and I, as members of this church, have a special responsibility. This is a prominent church and *because* we belong to it, the critical eyes of the world are upon us. Other people notice how large an attendance there is here on Sundays; how many people come to the mid-week meetings; how much financial support the church receives; how many people are taking part in its various activities. They particularly notice how we, as individuals, are conducting ourselves in our daily lives and how much our religion influences our actions and whether we *really* love our neighbors as ourselves. They notice how we are bringing up our children, whether or not we are instilling in them a love for the church, and developing in them a sense of responsibility toward the church.

We must not give those critical eyes the satisfaction of noting deficiencies in our religion. There is space for all of us here on Sundays. There is work for everybody in the far-flung community program which this church has initiated. There is constant opportunity for us to show our Christianity in our daily lives—not only in what we do but also in what we say.

The future of this church depends on us who are here tonight. The future of America may depend on whether church members are really living their religion. Let us dedicate ourselves now, at this beginning of a new century, to increased vigor—both in our active participation in The Riverside Church and in our personal lives. Let us, with renewed energy, prove to the watching world what a creative force for good a large band of Christian soldiers like us *can* be.

ADDRESS OF DR. FOSDICK

My friends, I talk to you so much that you ought not to have to listen to me tonight. One of you told me about a preacher who said that he did not mind, while he was preaching, seeing a man take out his watch and look at it, but when a man took out his watch and started to wind it to see if it had not stopped, that bothered him. I talk to you so much that I should think you would pull that one on me sometimes.

One of our New York newspapers, discovering that its music critic was ill, sent the sports editor to cover a symphony concert. The report of the sports editor on the symphony concert the next morning started as follows: "The Philharmonic Orchestra last night played Brahms, and Brahms lost." For a hundred years, in various edifices, and for ten years in this sanctuary, we have been set to play Christianity, and we are hoping tonight that Christianity has not lost.

One thing we have done, abundantly worth doing, is to achieve a real and practical church union. I am proud and glad tonight as I see this large, harmonious church family and think of the dozens of different sectarian traditions and backgrounds out of which you have come. There are three different ways in which church union is being sought today. First, overhead endeavors after uniform creedal formulas and inclusive church organizations—that is worth trying. Second, large coöperative enterprises like the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, or the Federation of Churches in this city, where we do not seek uniform statements or united organizations, but work together on common aims and so learn to know one another—that is worth trying. But neither of these methods can possibly succeed unless the foundation is laid in local parishes like this, where we actually achieve church union, and prove in an inclusive fellowship how unreal and needless are the old sectarian lines.

One of Dr. Woelfkin's favorite stories was about a woman in Tennessee who saw the surveyors at work outside her house and asked, "How come?" They said that they were redrawing the county line, and she said, "What for?" "Well," they said, "we have just discovered that the county line that we thought went in front of your house really goes behind it. We always had supposed that you lived in Sumner County, but we discover that you really live in Davidson County." And she rose in wrath. "I will not live in Davidson County," she said. "I have always heard that Davidson County is an unhealthy place to live in. You put that line back in front of the house where it used to be." Well, we have discovered in this church that sectarian lines are just as fictitious as that.

Of course, I cannot begin to tell you how grateful I am for the experience that I have had with you now nearly fifteen years. No church family could ever have been more harmonious and loyal, no staff more able, efficient, unselfish and devoted. I still think in wonder about you men and women back in old Park Avenue who left that almost brand-new building in that admirable situation, and dared to come up here on this adventure. How did you have the venturesomeness to do that? I do not understand it yet.

A dramatic critic sometime since wrote an account of a production of *King Lear,* and one sentence struck me. He said, "In the production of *King Lear* last night, so-and-so played the King

as though all the time he was afraid that somebody was going to play the ace." If there had been any such timidity in Park Avenue in the days when you were asking me to come to you, you never would have undertaken this courageous experiment up here. I am endlessly grateful.

Now we turn our faces to the front. Who can guess what lies ahead of us in this uncertain world? But we may still be sure the world is going to need character. And there are three fundamental institutions on which the world must depend for character—the home, the school, and the church. The importance of these three can in part be seen from their inevitability. It is not a question whether we shall have homes; the question is, what kind of homes we shall have. It is not a question whether we shall have schools; the question is, what kind of schools we shall have. It is not a question whether we shall have churches; the question is, what kind of churches we shall have. We face here three inevitable institutions. They are going to be good, bad, or indifferent, but they are going to *be;* and the future of our culture depends upon their being good—good homes, good schools, good churches.

I challenge you, therefore, as we enter this next decade. Let us see what we can do to help build a great Christian church. One of the supreme orations of antiquity was Pericles' appeal to his fellow Athenians. I commend to you tonight one sentence in that great address. As Pericles faced his fellow citizens, he pointed out the city that lay around them, and said: "Think what she may become and be worthy of her."

SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON FAMILY NIGHT

1262
1262
1262
This number identifies you to the business office
JUN 16 1940
THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH
490 Riverside Drive, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Church Support and / or Benevolence
GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU

THREE months of the current church year will have passed when this CHURCH MONTHLY reaches our people. We still have many packages of church envelopes that have not been called for and many people who have made no pledge nor payments for 1941. It is of these people who have let one quarter of the year slip by without responding that we are thinking just now.

We would not be disposed to bring the matter up if it seemed an unreasonable thing to ask for some support by everybody, regardless of amount. But the bulk of the support of our program comes from people of modest resources and that is the one big reason why all should be doing their part.

And when we speak of supporting our program here we mean just that. We differentiate between program and building and operating charges because, as a matter of fact, all but a small part of the building maintenance and operating cost is paid for out of interest from accumulated funds toward which the present membership and congregation has never been asked to contribute at all.

If those who have not as yet subscribed were to postpone doing so until Fall, we would at that time have a serious deficit were we in the meantime to continue our present program activities and make no reduction in the expenses therefor. That is what delay means to the church, and that is what we want to avoid, *viz.* a deficit for 1941. That potential deficit can be eliminated, its threat and shadow banished, if the members of the church and congregation who have not as yet pledged will do so now. It doesn't require someone else's big gift. It requires only your modest gifts.

THE PAST SPEAKS TO THE PRESENT

(*Concluded from page 88*)

—may God forgive us!—this sorry estate of the world today argues to me not the uselessness of Christ, of what he stands for and of the church he founded, but the disastrous consequence of our pagan secularism that has utterly forgotten Christ, of our endeavor to build civilization on the accumulation of more and more material gadgets, of our neglect of the spiritual foundations of society, and of the basic truth that, no matter how much we invent and invent, we never can create the right kind of world out of the wrong kind of people.

Were Dr. Benedict, the first minister of this church, to come back and see New York today, how amazed he would be at the skyscrapers! And we would explain them to him, describing the ingenious inventiveness that has made these towering structures possible. But when we were through, I can imagine Dr. Benedict saying, You have forgotten something. You are talking of what you have done. But you have been able to build these skyscrapers for one basic reason only—Manhattan Island itself is solid rock. If that solid foundation had not been there, all your ingenuity could not have built such a soaring city. You have built so high, only because the eternal substructure has been so deep. My friends, the strong foundations of democracy must be laid in the spiritual life of the people.

To change the figure, when soil erosion goes too far, wheat will not grow. The cure of the dust bowl in the Southwest is not superficial. We have let the soil go in which vital things can live. Well, there has been going on among us a spiritual erosion, whose consequences are disastrous to values that we really cherish and deeply want. Democracy is the most spiritually demanding order of life there is. Dictatorships can be run by regimentation and physical coercion. Democracy depends upon personal initiative, upon individual character, goodwill, and loyalty, upon the voluntary use of freedom for the public good. The American way of life ultimately rests upon the kind of people that Christ and his church came to produce. What could we not do in this country if across the land, in all our communities, we had the right kinds of churches!

> Rise up, O men of God!
> The Church for you doth wait,
> Her strength unequal to her task;
> Rise up, and make her great!

PRAYER

Eternal Spirit, what we have said with our lips let us take to our hearts, and may the words that we have spoken become realities in our minds and consciences, that Christ may indeed be glorified in his church. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon February 9, 1941.

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The Riverside Pulpit

Ministers who will be heard here during the next few months on such Sundays as Dr. Fosdick is to be absent.

April 20 — Dr. Douglas Horton, Minister of the General Council, The Congregational and Christian Churches of the United States of America.

June 8 — Dr. Albert Butzer, Minister of Westminster Church, Buffalo, New York.

June 15 — Dr. Charles Gilkey, Dean of the Chapel, University of Chicago.

June 22 — Dr. Halford E. Luccock, Yale University Divinity School.

June 29 — Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, Minister of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts.

July 6 — Dr. Harold Cooke Phillips, Minister of First Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

(*Dr. Fosdick will preach on the Sundays the Summer Schools are in session, July 13 to August 10, inclusive.*)

August 17 — Reverend John B. Thompson, Minister of First Presbyterian Church, Norman, Oklahoma.

August 24 — Dr. Robert Russell Wicks, Dean of the Chapel, Princeton University.

August 31 — Dr. Robert Russell Wicks.

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THE ANNIVERSARY

We have seen many anniversaries celebrated by many organizations and institutions. In many instances we have sensed that the occasion was being used as an excuse for emphasizing some current situation that seemed to need special promotion at the time. All of us have smiled indulgently at the very idea of getting excited over seven years, or seventeen, or thirty-two. Certainly birthdays, anniversaries and celebrations have received a minimum of attention in the year-by-year story of this church. But one hundred years is a different matter, and we have been celebrating that significant milestone with enthusiasm during the past week. We did not stress anything that was extraneous. We did not drag in anything that needed resuscitation in order that it might drink of the deeper waters that are flowing here. To be sure we did link the celebration with the inauguration of the retirement fund. The substantial result achieved clearly indicates that that was a particularly natural and happy emphasis. It not only helped greatly in launching the fund, but it gave the members and friends of the church an opportunity to do something themselves about an experience that they were greatly enjoying and in which they were taking pride and satisfaction.

We imagine that the attitude of the ministers and workers here, as well as that of the church members is not greatly different, now that the event is over, than was the case a hundred years ago when the original band of three hundred and seventy were plunging into their new and thrilling venture. Our venture is thrilling and challenging too, and we find ourselves looking forward today as they did in that day.